

# SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Work.—Work is the best remedy for despondency. "Go thou," is Christ's cure for the blues.—Rev. C. S. Brown, Episcopalian, Columbus, Neb.

Haste.—There is a new god in America. It is the little American god "Hurry." Everybody is bowing down to worship it.—Rev. E. J. Haynes, Methodist, New York City.

Love.—Spontaneity proves that love is deeper than intellect and conscience, and that it is genuine, since it has its abode among the instincts of the heart.—Rev. E. A. Taylor, Baptist, Memphis, Tenn.

Happiness.—There seems to be a tremendous mistake about the power of a large fortune to make a man happy. Carrying \$100,000,000, or even \$1,000,000, for board and clothes, is doing a great deal of hard work for small pay.—Rev. M. C. Peters, Independent, New York City.

Capital and Labor.—I am opposed to demagogues, but for labor to protest against capital in the fashion it does is folly. For how could labor live without capital? On the other hand, of course, capital could not live without labor.—Rev. J. D. Newton, Congregationalist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Honest Toil.—The soul of the honest workman is white. His wife loves him, his children worship him. The community respects him, he is a mighty factor in our complex civilization. He is a splendid example of the nobility of toil.—Rev. I. N. Moorhead, Methodist, Mount Carmel, Pa.

The Living Church.—The end of the world will be the end of everything except the church, but the glory of the church will continue without end. The church believes time to be the vestibule and eternity the temple where she shall go no more out forever.—Rev. O. P. Wright, Methodist, Pueblo, Colorado.

The Problem of Man.—The problem of man. We have a divine inheritance. The very record is an inspiration. The poorest man may carry himself like a king in the light of it. Our breasts may swell with pride in reflecting upon it. Our heart burns within us because of it.—Rev. J. R. Mace, Methodist, Camden, N. J.

A Condition of Wealth.—Labor is now the one condition of wealth; neither nations nor individuals long dream of riches secured by war of theft, but as the fruit of human energy. Give all men permission to work, and this world will bud and blossom like a garden.—Rev. J. M. Patterson, Presbyterian, Detroit, Mich.

Wealthy Tramps.—The man who does no useful work, who does not contribute to the common good, does not fully live. And this is so whether he is rich or poor. I see no reason why the tramp who rides in the palace car is any better than the tramp who walks upon the ties.—Rev. H. B. Cooley, Disciple, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signs of Weakening.—So much ignorance, selfishness, corruption and avarice have entered into the politics and principles of our governing parties that although we have a splendid people, magnificent domain and a rich heritage, yet many parts of our great structure seem unsafe and show signs of weakening.—Rev. H. O. Rowlands, Baptist, Lincoln, Neb.

Beauty.—Beauty is the result of our accidental relations to objects. For a thing that is beautiful to-day is tame or disgusting to-morrow. You can do more to define it than you can overtake the ignis fatuus. You might as well attempt to paint a lover's sigh or tell where an angel's smile had been.—Rev. W. W. Fellows, Congregationalist, Hamilton, Ohio.

Strikes.—From an economical point of view a labor strike is as bad as war. There is a great waste of resources on either side. In no great modern strike has the point under contention been worth financially what it has cost. Either side could have afforded to give up the point and avoid the strike.—Rev. O. J. Fairfield, Unitarian, Spokane, Washington.

Religion and Politics.—Business and religion should not and cannot be separated. If the workman is getting poor wages, the church and the charitable organizations will suffer, and for that reason I claim that every one should be true to his religious faith, should adopt that for his platform which should benefit his church.—Rev. D. F. Woodburn, Baptist, Allegheny, Pa.

Galvanizing Bolts.—Some recent experiments, says Industries and Iron, seem to indicate that iron is much weakened after being pickled and galvanized. A dozen eye-bolts (all precisely alike so far as can be perceived by external inspection, were carefully selected; six of these were laid on one side and the others sent away to be galvanized. When the galvanized bolts were returned the whole twelve were put together and tested, and it was found that the galvanized bolts were the only ones to break; in no instance did the ungalvanized ones give way.

Methods.—Modern demands can be met only by modern methods. The successful dairyman must be a student of his trade, and the best results will come from the practice of dairy knowledge, and not from the traditions of the fathers. The producer of poor butter cannot stand against the promoters and makers of substitute compounds. There is a call for the best skill from breeding time to market day.

Old Almanacs.—It has recently been ascertained that almanacs and calendars date back to the year 200 A. D.

Russian Servants.—In Russia servants kiss their mistress's hands both as morning and evening greetings.

Pawky Scots in Gotham.—Scotchmen have almost entire control of the shoe-cutting industries of New York.

## NO BAD POSTAGE STAMPS.

Counterfeiters Find It Unprofitable to Trouble Postal Authorities.

Counterfeiters do not find it profitable to ply their vocation in the postal service. According to an official of the Postoffice Department, who has been in the service for over twenty years, there has been no counterfeiting of stamps during that period.

A few years ago the Postmaster General ordered a reprint of an obsolete design of a five-cent stamped envelope. It was a mistake on the part of the department, and as soon as it was discovered all of these envelopes, about 10,000 in number, were called in. A stamp collector in New York in some way learned that these envelopes were soon to be called in, so he bought 1,500 of them before the postmaster had time to send them back to the department. After all the others had been called in he had a monopoly of the issue, and he was selling them freely at \$5 each to "stamp cranks." He paid but five cents apiece for them, hence his profit was enormous.

There is another incident where a stamp collector learned that there would be a short issue of a certain denomination put in circulation, so he went to the contractor and purchased \$10,000 worth of the new issue. He attempted to sell them at greatly advanced prices, and complaint was made to the department. An investigation was ordered, and the result was an unlimited number was ordered to be printed, and the man who had invested in \$10,000 worth was so badly stuck that he appealed to the department to redeem those he had not sold.



Opie Read's new story, "My Young Master," is announced for immediate publication.

Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, is to be the United States correspondent of the new London magazine called the Progressive Review to be edited by J. A. Hobson and William Clarke.

The Scribners' collected edition of Kipling is to be sold only by subscription. Limited editions on Japan paper, both of Kipling's and of Barrie's works, will appeal to wealthy book lovers.

If we may trust the unanimous verdict of the London reviewers, Mrs. Manning Caffyn's (Lola's) new novel, "A Quaker Grandmother," is a delightful surprise of genuine cleverness, with no trace of the "Yellow Aster" in it.

The camera is assuming a large place in the field of modern illustration. Clifton Johnson has taken his camera to Thrums and produced the seventy charming illustrations that distinguish a new edition of Barrie's "A Window in Thrums."

Richard Le Gallienne promises a book entitled "The Quest of the Golden Girl." Gabriel Setoun is putting forth a collection called "The Child World." Volumes of poems are about due from A. C. Benson and John Davidson.

"The Political Situation" is the title of the book on Africa and the Jamestown raid that has just appeared in London from the pens of Olive Schreiner and her husband, C. S. Cronwright-Schreiner. It is said to be an unusual and dignified indictment of Cecil Rhodes and his monopolistic company.

James Lane Allen's forthcoming novel, "The Choir Invisible," is by far his most pretentious work in scope, length and general construction. The plot is laid in the pioneer Kentucky days when the fiery English-Virginians began their epoch-making movement across the Alleghenies. Under Mr. Allen's exquisite literary workmanship this new material cannot fail to be productive of a novel of supreme interest.

Marie Corelli is preparing to run amuck again—this time against society. She will do it in a story for the new London magazine about to be started under the name of the Lady's Realm. By the way, Miss Corelli's last novel, "The Murder of Delicia," has already exhausted its first edition of 28,000 copies, and a new edition of 10,000 copies is in preparation. Though she despises the bicycle she is certainly both a record-breaker and a scorcher.

Tea at \$175 a Pound.

Tea at \$175 a pound! If a grocer should ask the average housewife that kind of a price she would be likely to drop dead. Yet there is such tea, and G. N. Merrivether, a tea merchant of Cincinnati, has some of it. A little of this goes a long way and five ounces of it constitutes his stock.

Very little of this tea is ever brought to this country. Indeed, little of it is marketed anywhere, as it is extremely rare, and millionaires, even, if the price was no object, would have difficulty in getting hold of it.

This \$175-a-pound tea is known as the Ceylon golden bud. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,100,000.

But five pounds of this tea has ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair. A rich lady residing at New York wrote to Mr. Marr, the agent of the Ceylon tea-growers for America, at Chicago, and asked him to try to procure for her if possible five pounds of this remarkable and expensive tea. Mr. Marr was successful in securing six pounds of the precious article. The New York lady gave a check for \$1,000 for her five pounds. Mr. Merrivether, who is a personal friend of Mr. Marr, received five ounces of the extra pound produced.

Alas, 'Tis True.

"Things ain't right in this world," said Perry Patetic, bitterly.

"What's eatin' you now?" asked Way-worn Watson.

## SHEEP SHEARING.

Expertness of Professional Shearers in New South Wales.

Most of our readers would probably think that to shear, say, twenty or thirty sheep, would be as much as the most skillful and industrious shearer could do in a long day's work. They may, then, says Chambers' Journal, be interested to know what vastly greater numbers are expected to pass through the left hands of a capable craftsman in the pastoral regions of the great sheep-keeping colony of New South Wales. Our notes have been collected on the spot.

The number of sheep a man can shear in a day of eight and a half hours is governed by several circumstances over and above the shearer's expertness, depending mainly on the class of sheep and the nature of the country over which the sheep have pastured.

Of all the breeds of sheep merinos are the most difficult to shear. In the first place, they are very "throaty"—that is, the skin covering the neck lies in large, loose folds, so that manipulation with the shears is at best tedious and troublesome. Then, again, they possess what is technically known as the "points" of the breed—they are wooled to the tip of the nose and down the legs to the hoofs; it is these so-called "points" that take up time.

Sheep grazing over pastures where burs, grass seeds, twigs, etc., are numerous, or over coarse, sandy country, pick up in their fleece quantities of foreign matter that blunt the shears during the process of shearing. It will at once be seen that this especially applies to short-legged sheep, heavily fleeced as the merinos are to the extremities of their limbs. The time taken up sharpening his shears is a serious consideration to the shearer.

Bad or careless shearers, in order to give the sheep the appearance of being properly shorn, may either "shingle" or "feather" the fleeces they cut off. By "shingling" is meant making a second cut over the same part of the body of the sheep, the first severing the staple toward the center, and the second close to the skin; yet the whole fleece holds together, and the damage may not be detected till closely examined. On the contrary, "feathering" is plainly seen as soon as the fleece is shaken out; here the clip has been uneven, leaving patches of longer wool to be severed by a second cut. This leaves a quantity of short wool in the inside of the fleece, which readily separates when the fleece is unrolled. "Shingling" is the worst fault, as it quite ruins the staple for combing purposes.

In the mountain districts west of the table-land the average number of sheep a fairly good man will shear in a day of eight and a half hours varies from seventy to 120. On the northern plains near the Queensland border the average is 120 to 170; and it is on record that the champion shearer of Queensland clipped 327 sheep in nine hours. Such a man in the language of "the seed," is termed a "ringer."

In the central plains on the Lachlan River the average is eighty to 120. With machines the numbers are, of course, considerably more. The men are paid £1 per 100 sheep; and out of this they have to provide rations, shears, sharpening-stones, oil, etc.

Was Man an Amphibian?

Man was said to have descended from a good many types, by different inquiries into ancient history, some going for monkeys or apes, and others for various species of animal life; but some curious cases of hereditary webbed hands and feet in human beings seem to show that our ancestors may have been amphibian.

An instance of this kind of hereditary peculiarity has been reported by Doctors W. R. Smith and J. S. Norwell, in the case of a family, nearly all the members of which were affected by a malformation of hands and feet. In the subjects examined by those gentlemen, the second and third fingers were webbed to the tip, and the bones were disposed in an extraordinary manner.

Each foot had six toes, all more or less webbed, except the fourth, which was comparatively free.

These peculiarities have persisted through several generations, and it was found that twenty-one persons out of twenty-eight had been malformed in this way, and in all cases in both hands and feet.

Fascination of Years.

Many a woman over twenty hesitates to meet the great and inquisitive Li Hung Chang. She doesn't care to acknowledge the burden of her years which, just possibly, the vicerey, being a student of history, lays to the credit of her fascinations. Helen of Troy was over forty when she was a party to the most famous elopement on record. Cleopatra was over thirty when Antony first loved her, and ten years later her fascinations were in the ascendant. At thirty-six Aspasia was wedded to Pericles, and thirty years afterward she wielded undisputed influence over men. Anne of Austria was quite thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen in Europe; Louis XIV. wedded Mme de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age; Mlle. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her power and influence at forty-five, and Ninon de l'Enclos is proverbial for her wonderful attractions at seventy-three.

Machine for Weighing Thought.

A thought-weighing machine has been invented by Prof. Mosso, an Italian physiologist, the rush of the blood to the head turning the scale. The machine is so delicate that it can measure the difference in the exertion needed to read Greek from that required for Latin.

Vice Versa.

Diner—Waiter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 wine.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Diner—You have brought me some wine of last spring and a chicken of 1884.—Paris Messenger.

Hippography in France.

The horse flesh butchers in France are doing a brisker trade than ever in equine joints.

In the eyes of a young woman, a man cannot exaggerate the importance of his \$40 a month position.

## Mistress of the Foundry.

By EARL JOSLYN.

Just as the shadows of night were lifting Mrs. Sterns saw three policemen closing in on the piazza. Luke was watching them. He gave a quick spring, met the one that was coming up the front steps and pushed him backward. The man fell heavily on the flags—once and lay there stunned. The others pursued Luke into the house. Running like a greyhound through the rooms, whose doors were all set wide open, he saw through the kitchen windows another policeman waiting for him at the rear door. The mastiff and Mrs. Sterns reached the kitchen by a short cut in advance of the two men. Luke stood at bay. The largest of the policemen took out a pistol. The huge animal sprang threateningly between the policeman and the fugitive. Mrs. Sterns stepped terrified before the mastiff. "Don't shoot my dog, sir," she entreated. "Don't shoot him."

"Call off your dog, then, lady," said the man roughly.

That was enough. The infuriated beast heard the man speaking to his mistress in unfriendly tones. Before she could even attempt to call him off he had jumped with a frightful growl at the man's throat. When she had succeeded in pacifying the dog, the man lay on the floor a sickening spectacle.

"The other cop ran out front," explained Luke as Mrs. Sterns looked around the room. "I must be off, missis. They will send 30 cops here to take me," and Luke leaped out of a window into the rear of the house. The wounded man writhed on the floor while Candace crooned a weird judgment hymn whose burden was, "Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet."

"Stop singing, Candace. It is not the judgment day."

"Laws, missis, I've dead sure I heard him blow," replied Candace in a tone hoarse with fear.

"No, no. Go to the sideboard and bring me some brandy for this poor man," said her mistress.

While she was engaged in caring for him six stalwart policemen came in at the back door. They tenderly took away



He jumped with a frightful growl at the man's throat.

their lacerated comrade, first searching the house for Luke. "He is the toughest customer in the state, ma'am," remarked the chief of police. "He has been in more jails than I have ever seen. He's hard to handle too. I have seen him knock out three police. Was in your employ, do I understand you to say? Well, foundrymen are a hard crowd. It has been a terrible night's work. The city is wild with fear."

About 8 o'clock in the evening, after the fires, Bridie Hamilton, stylishly if not tastefully dressed, was standing on a narrow platform in the rear of Riverbank's railway station. Suddenly a man emerged from under a freight car that was standing detached from the other cars.

"Oh, Luke," exclaimed Bridie. "I got word where you were from Dick Flanagan's brother that works here. Are you going away again? Don't go. Stay here." Tears rolled down her face, and Luke awkwardly tried to comfort her.

"I'll come back, Bridie, darlint, sure, soon as I darst to, and don't ye be crying. The cops will get me if I stay here. Say," he continued as her distress increased, "I'll send ye money to come to Fairale, and we'll get married."

"Let me go with ye now, Luke," begged the girl piteously. "Father Gogarty will marry us tonight. We've been called, and my clothes are all ready."

"Mine ain't," said Luke ruefully. "I've got nothin on but me old jumper and me old pants, and it ain't safe for me to ride in a car with ye. No, darlint, ye must wait."

"Oh," moaned the girl, "I'm afraid I'll never see ye again, Luke, me lovely darlin. Do take me to Father Gogarty. I've got \$50 in my pocket that I earned dressmaking. I'll go in the car, and ye can ride under it if ye afraid to sit with me. We can start at 11 tonight. Ye will have time to go and put on yer good clothes. The cops won't know ye if ye go in a hack. I'll let me go with ye, Luke, there's a dear."

"I've got a nice coat and vest in the trunk in me room. If I had some dacent pinstriped trousers, I'd go now," said Luke, half yielding. "But, Bridie, me dear, I wanted to give ye a handsome sendoff. I wanted just for once to ride in the parlor car by yer side. Ye have no idee how like a gentleman I look when I'm alone. I took a Turkish bath once when I went to the ball of the United Brotherhood, and I came out white. Old Mowry with his club foot never looked half so fine as meself then, and ye've got a purty face, and we would be a stylish looking couple. Yer as handsome as a plecter, and yer the object of me affections, Bridie, me girl."

"Call me Bridie, Luke, dear. Bridie's so common."

"It was me old mother's name," said Luke apologetically.

"Send the little fellow there for a back, Luke," pleaded Bridie.

Finally after more entreaties Luke yielded, and the two went in a carriage through the dark streets to Father Gogarty's house. At half past 10 they reappeared in the station. Luke kept in the dark corners, and Bridie, carrying her satchel, entered the cars. At 11 the train pulled out, with Mrs. Bridie sitting in the parlor car and Luke hanging to its under side.

It was summer time again in Riverbank, and the windows and doors of Sterns' foundry were all wide open. Mrs. Sterns went in at the main entrance, nodded good morning to the men and went into the office, where sat

We want your tea-trade for the rest of your life.

Do you see now how we can afford to say: "Get every sort of Schilling's Best of your grocer, and get your money back on what you don't like?"

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

her husband, a man royal in body and soul. Hearing the door open, he raised his head. "Ah, here comes the little mistress of the foundry," he said, smiling. "Take a seat. The money is ready for you to pay off the men. I suppose that you will never relinquish the pleasure of putting money into the men's hands. No wonder you are so popular with them."

When she came to Dick Flanagan's bench and he had counted his pay, he nodded and said, "All right, missis. Then, taking his clay pipe from his mouth, he continued, 'And have ye heard the news about Luke, ma'am?'"

"No, indeed. What is it?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Sterns.

"Well, Luke went down to Pennsylvania to work in a coal mine. His name was Hugh Brierly down there. Luke thought there was going to be a strike among the miners, and he never could kape out of a strike anyhow, missis. Luke was boss in the riots there last spring, and he carried on wild. He wouldn't let the trains move, and so the governor sent down the mechsley to smash the miners. Luke and a gang of men behind him met the train that was fetchin the sojers and pitched rocks down the bank and ditched the train. Then them sojers just chased after the strikers and shot a lot of them. Luke got a ball through his heart."

"Poor Luke," said Mrs. Sterns, with unaffected sorrow. "Poor, misguided Luke!"

THE END.

New York Boys.

"Mister, won't yer give us er lift?" The speaker was a boy of 10, with an expression of weariness on his face. The one spoken to was a youth of about 22, with a shade of a mustache. The object referred to was a bag about three feet high, which seemed to be filled with some heavy material.

"Certainly, my boy," replied the youth, "I'll help you on with it."

True to his word, he grabbed the bag around the center and proceeded to lift it on to the boy's shoulder. Suddenly another yell and shriek came from within, and the object whatever it was, began to kick with such force that the youth dropped the bag and proceeded to hold his hands to his stomach as if in great pain.

The boy and several bystanders were shaking with laughter. A moment later the top of the bag opened, and a lad of 8 scampered away as fast as he could run.

"Fooled!" yelled all the boys at the youth as they scampered after the youngster.

That is what they call the "bag game." It is something new, and it originated on the east side, but who invented it no one knows. The idea simply is to get a ferocious youngster to enter the bag, and then have some unscrupulous person lift it. The yells and shrieks and kicks will not fail to upset his mental and perhaps physical equilibrium, and the youngsters will have a great laugh as a result.—New York Herald.

An African Salt Works.

Karembwe's is one of the salt making villages; a sandy clay is dug out of the marshes and placed in grass funnels. Water poured on this dissolves the salt. The solution trickles through the green filter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained, and a fine, large crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Waitawa, are very polite. Most of them hail you with, "Mornin'!" they do not seem able to manage the "good," "Glave In the Heart of Africa" in Century.

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Positive Proof.

Wallace—I used to believe that hypnotism was a rank fraud, but I am a convert now.

Ferry—Been put under the influence yourself?

"No. But a 'professor' got Wheeler on the stage, and it was not five minutes before Wheeler was standing up before the crowd and asserting that there were lots of better bicycles than his."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LEFT DESTITUTE!

Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The fell scourge is, however, shorn of its throng in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Its only sure preventive and remedy. Dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, nervousness, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver or kidneys is positively without an equal.

The Poet—She invited me to her house to dinner. The Friend—She told me she didn't think there was much in you.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters is the best and most Effective Family Medicine in use. It is a Mild Cathartic, and a sure cure for Habitual Constipation. Every bottle is guaranteed to exact a recommended, and for indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, malaria, chills and fever, rheumatism, nervousness or Sick Headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver or kidneys it is positively without an equal.

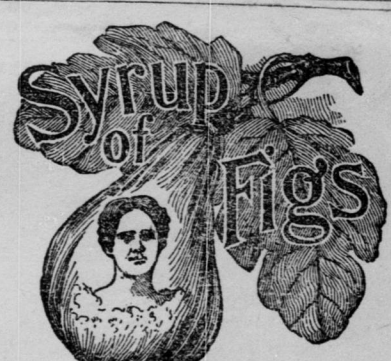
My doctor said I would die, but Pico's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kerner, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

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## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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Many thousand dollars worth of valuable articles suitable for Christmas gifts for the young and old, are to be given to smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco. You will find one coupon inside each

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